

*Here is the nature of man—and  
woman—immortalised by some  
of the world's greatest writers  
of yesterday and today.*

*William Faulkner talks of work  
and study, Richard Steele of  
marriage; William Wordsworth  
recounts memories of childhood,  
Rabindranath Tagore writes of  
poetry. Old favourites and new  
friends await you in this unique  
collection of wit and wisdom,  
prose and poetry.*



# The Random Reader

*selected by the editors of IMPRINT*

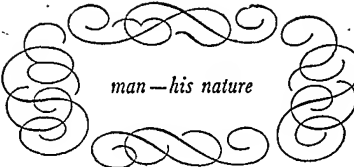
imprint  Bombay



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A decorative border made of black scrollwork, consisting of several overlapping loops and swirls, framing the central text.

*man — his nature*





THE nature of man is not two things, but one thing. We have not one set of affections, hopes, sensibilities, to be affected by the present world, and another and a different to be affected by the invisible world: we are moved by grandeur, or we are not; we are stirred by sublimity, or we are not; we hunger after righteousness, or we do not; we hate vice, or we do not, we are passionate, or not passionate; loving or not loving; cold or not cold; our heart is dull or it is wakeful; our soul is alive or it is dead. Deep under the surface of the intellect lies the stratum of the passions, of the intense, peculiar, simple impulses which constitute the heart of man; there is the eager essence, the primitive desiring being. What stirs this latent being we know. In general it is stirred by everything. Sluggish natures are stirred little, wild natures are stirred much; but all are stirred somewhat. It is not important whether the object be in the visible or invisible world: whoso loves what he has seen, will love what he has not seen; whoso hates what he has seen, will hate what he has not seen. Creation is, as it were, but the garment of the Creator, whoever is blind to the beauty on its surface, will be insensible to the beauty beneath; whoso is dead to the sublimity before his senses, will be dull to that which he imagines; whoso is untouched by the visible man, will be unmoved by the visible God.

*From Literary Studies by Walter Bagehot*





**Abnormal:** Not conforming to standard. In matters of thought and conduct, to be independent is to be abnormal, to be abnormal is to be detested. Wherefore the lexicographer adviseth a striving toward a straiter resemblance to the Average Man than he hath to himself. Whoso attaineth thereto shall have peace, the prospect of death and the hope of Hell.

**Absurdity:** A statement of belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

**Acquaintance:** A person whom we know well enough to borrow from but not well enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

**Apologise:** To lay the foundation for a future offence.

**Back:** That part of your friend which it is your privilege to contemplate in your adversity.

**Bride:** A woman with a fine prospect of happiness behind her.

**Conservative:** A statesman who is enamoured of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

**Consult:** To seek another's approval of a course already decided on.

**Conversation:** A fair for the display of the minor mental commodities, each exhibitor being too intent upon the arrangement of his own wares to observe those of his neighbour.

From *The Devil's Dictionary* by Ambrose Bierce

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation.

From *Of Myself* by Abraham Cowley

IN everything you do consider what comes first and what come in sight you will shamefully desist.

eat to order, touch no sweets, train under compulsion, at a fixed hour, in heat and cold, drink no cold water, nor wine, except to order; you must hand yourself completely to your trainer as you would to a physician. Then, when the contest comes, you get hacked, sometimes dislocate your hand, twist your ankle, swallow plenty of sand, get a flogging, and with all this you are sometimes defeated. First consider these things and then enter on the athlete's career, if you still wish to do so, otherwise, look you, you will be behaving like the children who one day play at athletes,

orator, but nothing with all your soul. Like an ape, you imitate everything you see, and one thing after another takes your fancy, but nothing that is familiar pleases you, for you undertake nothing with forethought, you do not survey the whole subject and examine it beforehand but you take it up half-heartedly and at random. In the same way some people when they see a philosopher, and hear someone speaking like Euphrates (and indeed who can speak as he can?) wish to be philosophers themselves.

From *The Discourses* of Epictetus

IT is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise for him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind nor my body nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or pleasures, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves and inscrutable to men's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation.

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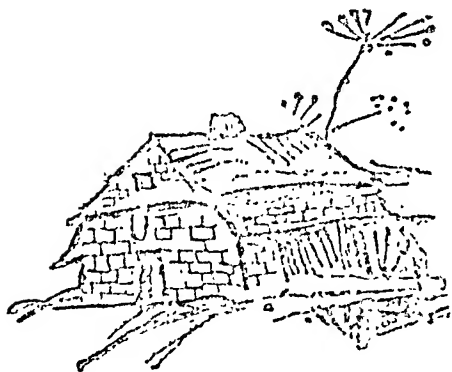
I care not much for gold or land;  
Give me a mortgage here and there,—  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share;—  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names;—  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo,—  
But only near St. James,—  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things;—  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—  
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me; I laugh at show.

Oliver Wendell Holmes





## CONTENTMENT

"MAN wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;

I only wish a hut of stone  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do),

That I may call my own;  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;

Three courses are as good as ten;—  
If Nature can subsist on three,

Thank heaven for three, Amen!  
I always thought cold victual nice;—  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

*The Random Reader*

"That suits me fine," he answered. "For," said he,  
"With all my friends I drop formality"

Upon the day  
He turns up to the tick,  
While odours float his way  
Finds compliments to say,  
He calls her dinner chic,  
Her kindness a delight:  
Her kitchen spread a sort of  
Call on appetite  
(A thing no fox is short of).  
She served him bits of steak, cut fine,  
But in a vase with narrow neck,  
Which gave his gluttonous design  
A perfect check  
With ease the stork went on to dine,  
With her long bill  
She ate her fill:  
My lord could curse his muzzle,  
For her there was no puzzle.  
Back to his lodgings he must go,  
With empty belly, drooping ears,  
His tail between his legs, as though  
Some hen had been his overthrow,  
A fox of shame.

You sharpers, in this tale appears  
A warning I would have you know,  
For you may fare the same.

## SILENCE

IT WAS not from want of will that I have refrained from writing to you, for truly do I wish you all good; but because it seemed to me that enough has been said already to effect all that is needful, and that what is wanting (if indeed anything be wanting) is not writing or speaking—whereof ordinarily there is more than enough—but silence and work. For whereas speaking distracts, silence and work collect the thoughts and strengthen the spirit. As soon therefore as a person understands what has been said to him for his good, there is no further need to hear or to discuss; but to set himself in earnest to practise what he has learnt with silence and attention, in humility, charity and contempt of self.

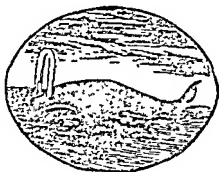
From a letter by St. John of the Cross

## THE FOX AND THE STORK

DEAR Comrade Fox one day said, "Hang the expense,  
I'll ask my friend the Stork around to dinner."  
His banquet hardly smacked of affluence;  
"Clear soup," the menu said  
And that was all the spread,  
This clear repast could scare have been much thinner.  
The broth was served upon a single plate:  
No danger here for guests to put on weight.  
The stork's long beak could hardly raise one sup,  
While Fox, the rascal, lapped the whole lot up.  
In vengeance for this trick, this stingy snack,  
In some few weeks, the stork invites him back.

CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cate throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

From *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville



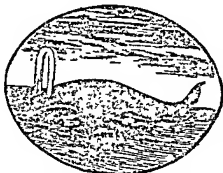
EVEN the commonest men reserve the violent, the sulky, the undisguisedly selfish side of their character for those who have no power to withstand it. The relation of superiors to dependents is the nursery of these vices of character which, wherever else they exist, are an overflowing from that source. A man who is morose or violent to his equals, is sure to be one who has lived among inferiors, whom he could frighten or worry into submission. If the family in its best forms is, as it is often said to be, a school of sympathy, tenderness, and loving forgetfulness of self, It is still oftener, as respects its chief, a school of wilfulness, overbearingness, unbounded selfish indulgence, and a double-dyed and idealised selfishness, of which sacrifice is only a particular form: the care for the wife and children being only care for them as parts of the man's own interests and belongings, and their individual happiness being immolated in every shape to his smallest preferences. What better is to be looked for under the existing form of the institution? We know that the bad propensities of human nature are only kept within bonds when they are allowed no scope for their indulgence. We know that from impulse and habit, when not from deliberate purpose, almost everyone to whom others yield, goes on encroaching upon them, until a point is reached at which they are compelled to resist. Such being the common tendency of human nature, the almost unlimited power which present social institutions give to the man over at least one human being—the one with whom he resides, and whom he has always present—this power seeks out and evokes the latent germs of selfishness in the remotest corners of his nature—fans its faintest sparks and smouldering embers—offers to him a licence for the indulgence of those points of his original character which in all other relations he would have found it necessary to repress and conceal, and the repression of which would in time have become a second nature.

From *The Subjection of Women* by J. S. Mill

## The Random Reader

CALL me Ishmael. Some years ago—never mind how long precisely—having little or no money in my purse, and nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen, and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street, and methodically knocking people's hats off—then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. This is my substitute for pistol and ball. With a philosophical flourish Cate throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men in their degree, some time or other, cherish very nearly the same feelings towards the ocean with me.

From *Moby Dick* by Herman Melville



I CONFESS there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago—I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else into it . . . .

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defects, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. . . .

Didn't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere?

No, that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used until they are seasoned.

From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*  
by Oliver Wendell Holmes

THE service of philosophy, of speculative culture, towards the human spirit, is to re-use, to startle it to a life of constant and eager observation. Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us—for that moment only. Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself, is the end. A counted number of pulses only is given to us in a variegated, dramatic life. How may we see them all that is to be seen in them by the finest senses? How shall we pass most swiftly

from point to point, and be present always at the focus where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard gun-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations, seem alike. While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colours, and curious odours, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend. Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the very brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening. With this sense of the splendour of our experience and of its awful brevity, gathering all we are into one desperate effort to see and touch, we shall hardly have time to make theories about the things we see and touch. What we have to do is to be for ever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions, never acquiescing in a facile orthodoxy of Comte, or of Hegel, or of our own. . .

Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake.

*From The Renaissance by Walter Pater*



to him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say or the attitudes and labours of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me. Moral reform is the effort to throw off sleep. Why is it that men give so poor an account of their day if they have not been slumbering? They are not such poor calculators. If they had not been overcome with drowsiness, they would have performed something. The millions are awake enough for physical labour; but only one in a million is awake enough for effective intellectual exertion, only one in a hundred million to a poetic or divine life. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

We must learn to reawaken and keep ourselves awake, not by mechanical aids, but by an infinite expectation of the dawn, which does not forsake us in our soundest sleep. I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of a man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts.

*From Walden* by Henry David Thoreau

LET US be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

Mark Twain

EXTREME busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these people into the country or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk—they cannot be idle, their nature is not generous enough and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet very possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school or college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was

breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.

From *An Apology For Idlers* by R. L. Stevenson



WE must take care to be tactful, and not mix ourselves up in other people's business. On the other hand we must not forget the danger lurking in the reserve which our practical daily life forces on us. We cannot possibly let ourselves get frozen into regarding everyone we do not know as an absolute stranger. No man is ever completely and permanently a stranger to his fellow man. Man belongs to man. Man has claims on man. Circumstances great or small may arise which make impossible the aloofness which we have to practise in daily life, and bring us into active relations with each other, as men to men. The law of reserve is condemned to be broken down by the claims of the heart, and thus we all get into a position where we must step outside our aloofness, and to one of our fellow-men become ourselves a man.

From *My Childhood and Youth* by Albert Schweitzer

I HAVE to speak tonight at the Arts Club and have no time for much preparation. I will speak, I think, of the life of a young Irishman, his gradual absorption in some propaganda. How the very nature of youth makes this come readily. Youth is always giving itself, expending itself. It is only after years that we begin the supreme work, the adapting of our energies to a chosen end, the disciplining of ourselves. A young man in Ireland meets only crude, impersonal things, things that make him like others. One cannot discuss his ideas or ideals, for he has none. He has not the beginning of aesthetic culture. He never tries to make his rooms charming, for instance. The slow perfecting of the senses which we call taste has not even begun. When he throws himself into the work of some league he succeeds just in so far as he puts aside all disciplining of ourselves. A young man in Ireland meets strain that comes when one speaks to ignorant or, still worse, half ignorant men. There is a perpetual temptation not merely to over-simplification but to exaggeration, for all ignorant thought is exaggerated thought.

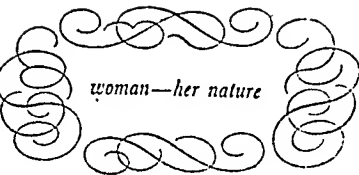
... if one takes in so far as the self is a  
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 face to face with what is permanent in the world.

From *Autobiographies* by W. B. Yeats

NOTHING is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remembered to have seen five people together where someone among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of worlds, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves: Some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: They will call a witness to remember, they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but, if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

*From Hints Towards An Essay On Conversation*  
by Jonathan Swift



*woman—her nature*



may imagine, was easily eclipsed by such superior brightness. The Duchess of Bedford's petticoat was green pèdusoy, embroidered very richly with gold and silver and a few colours; the pattern was festoons of shells, coral, corn, corn-flowers, and sea-weeds; everything in different works of gold and silver except the flowers and coral, the body of the gown white satin, with a mosaic pattern of gold facings, robings and train the same as the petticoat; there was abundance of embroidery, and many people in gowns and petticoats of different colours.

From a letter to Mrs Ann Granville, by Mrs. Delany



I HAVE heard with admiring submission the experience of the lady who declared that the sense of being well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity, which religion is powerless to bestow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

22 January, 1739

AFTER such a day of confusion and fatigue as yesterday, my dearest sister I am sure is too reasonable to expect my head should be composed enough to write a folio, so I very prudently, knowing my own strength, undertake but a quarto.

Lady Dysart, Miss Dashwood, and I went together. My clothes you know. I was curled, powdered, and decked with silver ribbon, and was told by critics in the art of dress that I was well dressed. Lady Dysart was in scarlet damask gown, facings and robings embroidered with gold and colours, her petticoat white satin, all covered with embroidery of the same sort, very fine and handsome, but her gaiety was all external, for at her heart she is the *most wretched virtuous woman that I know!* The gentle Dash was in blue damask, the picture of modesty, and looked excessively pretty. She danced, and was only just so much out of countenance as to show she had *no opinion* of her own performance, but courage enough to *dance very well*. The Princess's clothes were white satin, the petticoat, robings, and facings covered with a rich gold net, and upon that flowers in their natural colours embroidered, her head crowned with jewels; and her behaviour (as it always is) affable and obliging to everybody. The Prince was in old clothes and not well; he was obliged to go away very early. The Duchess of Bedford's clothes were the most remarkably fine, though finery was so common it was hardly distinguished, and my little pretension to it, you

may imagine, was easily eclipsed by such superior brightness. The Duchess of Bedford's petticoat was green paduasoy, embroidered very richly with gold and silver and a few colours; the pattern was festoons of shells, coral, corn, corn-flowers, and sea-weeds; everything in different works of gold and silver except the flowers and coral, the body of the gown white satin, with a mosaic pattern of gold facings, robings and train the same as the petticoat; there was abundance of embroidery, and many people in gowns and petticoats of different colours.

From a letter to Mrs. Ann Granville, by Mrs. Delany

**Lady Sneerwell:** The paragraphs, you say, Mr Snake, were all inserted?

**Snake:** They were, madam, and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

**Lady Smeer:** Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

**Snake:** That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four-and-twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

**Lady Smeer:** Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent and a great deal of industry.

**Snake:** True, madam, and she has been talented in her day. . . .  
in her day  
matches

ed; of four forced elopements, and as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances and two divorces. . . .

**Lady Smeer:** She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

**Snake:** 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a

free tongue and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines extravagant. She wants that delicacy of tint, and mellowness of sneer, which distinguish your ladyship's scandal.

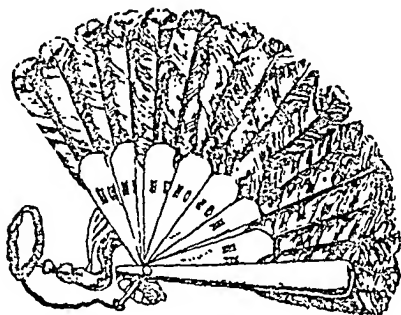
Lady Sneer: You are partial, Snake.

Snake: Not in the least; everybody allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

Lady Sneer: Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the envenomed tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to that of reducing others to the level of my own injured reputation.

Snake: Nothing can be more natural. . . .

From *The School for Scandal* by Richard Sheridan

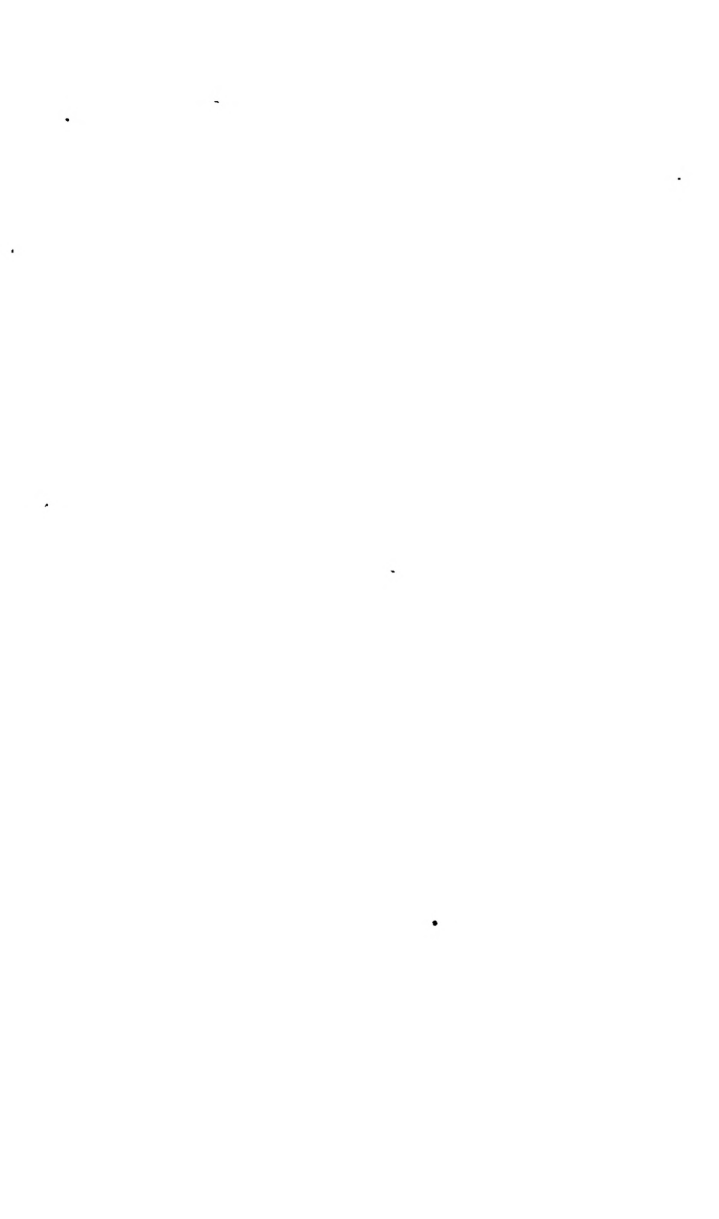


It is because of men that women dislike one another.

Jean De La Bruyere



*the thinker*



OBSERVE, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in this life-battle: what we can call his Realised Ideals. Of which realised Ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual Guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there; richer

had a Church,—what we can call a Church. He stood thereby, though “in the centre of Immensities in the conflux of Eternities”, yet manlike towards God and man, the vague shoreless Universe had become a firm city for him, a dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief, in these words well spoken *I believe*. Well might men prize their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.

From *French Revolution* by Thomas Carlyle

THE body is a thing, the soul is also a thing; man is not a thing, but a drama—his life. Man has to live with his body and soul which have fallen to him by chance. The first thing he has to do is decide what he is going to do.

Ortega Y



BECAUSE I know you have so many vexations, I need to know that you can still endure them. In order to do this the more easily you require to know more of this "vale of tears", as the prophets call it. The truth is, it is a vale in which, if one is endowed with a little sensibility, one always dreams of better things than one possesses. If one strays off from this into thinking oneself unhappy, one will always be so. If, on the other hand, one embraces the excellent philosophy of Scapin, and always expects the worst, one often finds reason to be joyful. I am beginning to acquire this beneficial habit.

Once you are in society you will be appalled at the general heedlessness; you will see how all beings are isolated by egoism. You will have the greatest difficulty in finding, I do not say an heroic, but even a sensitive soul. In Paris, that huge city, even after ten years of careful search you will scarcely succeed in assembling a circle of thirty intelligent and sensitive people. On the other hand, from the very first day you will have all the delights offered by the arts.

Even the most corrupt of men, if he creates a work of art, paints into it the most perfect virtue and sensibility. The only result is to produce melancholy in sensitive souls, who are so simple as to suppose that the world resembles these inaccurate images of it.

From a letter by Stendhal to his sister Pauline

WHERE the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

From a translation of the *Gitanjali*  
by Rabindranath Tagore

## THE FISHERMEN'S PRAYER

PROTEGEZ moi, mon Seigneur,  
Ma barque est si petite,  
Et votre mer est si grande

PROTECT me, O Lord,  
My boat is so small,  
And your sea is so big

Anonymous: *Old Breton*



## IN PRAISE OF CHESS

O THOU whose cynic sneers express  
the censure of our favourite chess!  
Know that its skill is science' self,  
its play distraction from distress.  
It soothes the anxious lover's care,  
it weans the drunkard from excess;  
It counsels warriors in their art,  
when dangers' threat and peril press;  
And yields us, when we need them most,  
companions in our loneliness.

Ibn Al-Mu'tazz

Do not depend on doctrines, do not depend on dogmas, or sects, or churches, or temples; they count for little compared with the essence of existence in man, which is divine; and the more this divinity is developed in a man, the more powerful is he for good. Earn that spirituality first, acquire that, and criticise no one, for all doctrines and creeds have some good in them. Show by your lives that religion does not mean words, or names, or sects, but that it means spiritual realisation. Only those can understand who have perceived the Reality. Only those who have attained to spirituality can communicate it to others, can be great teachers of mankind. They alone are the powers of light.

Swami Vivekananda

RATIONALITY in practise may be defined as the habit of remembering all our relevant desires, and not only the one which happens at the moment to be strongest. Like rationality in opinion, it is a matter of degree. Complete rationality is no doubt an unattainable ideal, but so long as we continue to classify some men as lunatics it is clear that we think some men more rational than others. I believe that all solid progress in the world consists of an increase in rationality, both practical and theoretical. To preach an altruistic

less, because it  
altruistic desire

different, since rationality helps us to realise our own desires on the whole, whatever they may be. A man is rational in proportion as his intelligence informs and controls his desires. I believe that the control of our acts by our intelligence is ultimately what is of most importance and what alone will make social life remain possible as science increases the means at our disposal for injuring each other. Education, the press, politics, religion—in a word, all the great forces in the world—are at present on

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that we must look for the solution of the ills from which our world is suffering.

From *Let The People Think* by Bertrand Russell



DIVINA COMMEDIA

oft have I seen at some cathedral door  
A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
The loud vociferations of the street  
Become an undistinguishable roar.  
So, as I enter here from day to day,  
And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
The tumult of the time disconsolate  
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

NATURE, that fram'd us of four elements  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:  
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,  
And always moving as the restless spheres,  
Wills us to wear ourselves and never rest,  
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,  
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,  
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.

*From Tamburlaine the Great* by Christopher Marlowe

Young man: Well, let us adjourn. Where have we arrived?  
Old man: At this. That we (mankind) have ticketed ourselves with a number of qualities to which we have given misleading names. Love, Hate, Charity, Compassion, Avarice, Benevolence, and so on. I mean we attach misleading meanings to the names. They are all forms of self-

ignore and never  
and compels a  
of securing his  
own approval, in every emergency and at all costs. To it we owe all that we are. It is our breath, our heart, our blood. It is our only spur, our whip, our goad, our only impelling-power; we have no other. Without it we should be mere inert images, corpses; no one would do anything, there would be no progress, the world would stand still. We ought to stand reverently uncovered when the name of that stupendous power is uttered

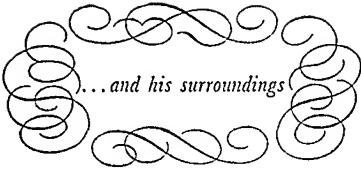
Young man: I am not convinced

Old man: You will be when you think

From *What is Man?* by Mark Twain

SAY to thyself, Marcus, at dawn today I shall run up against the busybody, the ungrateful, the overbearing, the deceitful, the envious, the self-centred. All this has fallen to their lot because they are ignorant of good and evil. But I, understanding the nature of the Good, that it is fair, and of Evil, that it is ugly, and the nature of the evil-doer himself, that he is my kin—as sharing, not indeed the same blood and seed, but intelligence and a spark of the Divine—can neither be damaged by any of them (for no one can involve me in what is disgraceful) nor can be





*...and his surroundings*



STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgement and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend

natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested, that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

From *Of Studies* by Sir Francis Bacon





THOSE beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As in a landscape to a blind man's eye;  
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
And passing even into my sober mind,  
With tranquil restoration: feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the very breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

*From Tintern Abbey by William Wordsworth*



THE artist is the creator of beautiful things.

To reveal art and conceal the artist is art's aim.

The critic is he who can translate into another manner or a new material his impression of beautiful things.

The highest, as the lowest, form of criticism is a mode of autobiography.

Those who find only meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

Those who find beautiful meanings in beautiful things are the cultivated. For there is more in them.

They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.

The nineteenth century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.

The nineteenth century dislike of Romanticism is the rage of Caliban not seeing his own face in a glass.

The moral life of man forms part of the subject-matter of the artist, but the morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect medium. No artist desires to prove anything. Even things that are true can be proved. No artist has ethical sympathies. An ethical sympathy in an artist is an unpardonable mannerism of style.

No artist is ever morbid. The artist can express everything.

Thought and language are to the artist instruments of an art.

Vice and virtue are to the artist materials for an art. From the point of view of form, the type of all the arts is the art of the musician. From the point of view of feeling, the actor's craft is the type.

All art is at once surface and symbol

Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril.

Those who read the symbol do so at their peril. It is the spectator, and not life, that art really mirrors.

Diversity of opinion about a work of art shows that the work is new, complex and vital.

*When critics disagree the artist is in accord with himself.*

We can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it. The only excuse for making a useless thing is that one admires it intensely.

All art is quite useless.

Preface to *Collected Works* by Oscar Wilde

29 August, 1743

AFTER a disagreeable stage-coach journey, disagreeable in itself, and infinitely so as it carried me from you, I am come to the most agreeable place and company in the world. The park, where we pass a great part of our time, is thoroughly delightful, quite enchanting. It consists of

... a variety of  
... but I am  
most charmed with its sweet embowered retirements, and particularly with a winding dale that runs through the middle of it. This dale is overhung with deep woods, and enlivened by a stream, that, now gushing from mossy rocks, now falling in cascades, and now spreading into a calm length of water, forms the most natural and pleasing scene imaginable. At the source of this water, composed of some pretty rills, that purl from beneath the roots of oaks, there is as fine a retired seat, as lover's heart could wish. . . .

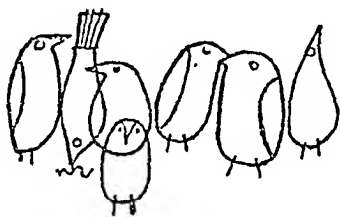
From a letter to Miss Young. by James Thomson

THE Gothic cathedrals were built when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear had every stone. . . .

The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk through a wood in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove especially in winter, when the bareness of all the other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. . . .

Nor can any lover of Nature enter the piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce.

From *Uses of Great Men* by Ralph Waldo Emerson



WE assume that all thought is already long ago adequately set down in books—all imaginations in poems; and what we say we only throw in as confirmatory of this supposed complete body of literature. A very shallow assumption. Say rather all literature is yet to be written. Poetry has scarce chanted its first song. The perpetual admonition of nature to us, is, "The World is new, untried. Do not believe the past. I give you the universe a virgin today."

By Latin and English poetry we were born and bred

in an oratorio of praises of nature,—flowers, birds, mountains, sun, and moon;—yet the naturalist of this ho finds that he knows nothing, by all their poems, of any these fine things; that he has conversed with the me surface and show of them all; and of their essence, or their history, knowing nothing. Further inquiry will d cover that nobody,—that not these chanting poets the selves, knew anything sincere of these handsome natur they so commended; that they contented themselves w the passing chirp of a bird, that they saw one or two mor ings, and listlessly looked at sunsets, and repeated id these few glimpses in their songs. But go into the fore you shall find all new and undescribed.

The honking of the wild geese flying by night, the th note of the companionable timouse in the winter day, th fall of swarm of flies, in autumn, from combats high in th air, pattering down on the leaves like rain, the angry br of the wood-birds, the pine throwing out its pollen f the benefit of the next century, the turpentine exude from the tree,—and indeed any vegetation, any animatio any and all, are alike unattempted. The man who stand on the seashore or who ramble in the woods seems to b the first man that ever stood on the shore, or entered grove, his sensations and his world are so novel an strange. Whilst I read the poets, I think that nothing ne can be said about morning and evening. But when I s the daybreak I am not reminded of these Homeric, Shakespearean, or Miltonic, or Chaucerian pictures. N but I feel perhaps the pain of an alien world, a world n yet subdued by the thought, or I am cheered by the mois warm, glittering, budding, melodious hour, that takes dow the narrow walls of my soul, and extends its life and pu sation to the very horizon. That is morning, to cease for bright hour to be a prisoner of this sickly body, and t become as large as nature.

## ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

THE poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury,—he has never done  
With his delights for when tired out with fun;  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

John Keats

I THINK I could turn and live with animals,  
they are so placid and self-contained;  
I stand and look at them long and long.  
They do not sweat and whine about their condition;  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;  
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented  
with the mania of owning things;  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind  
that lived thousands of years ago;  
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole  
earth.

From "Song of Myself" by Walt Whitman



I WATCH the storms in the trees above:  
after days of mild decaying  
my windows shrink from their assaying,  
and the things I hear the distance saying,  
without a friend I find dismaying,  
without a sister cannot love.

There goes the storm to urge and alter,  
through forest trees and through time's tree,  
and nothing seems to age or falter—  
the landscape, like an open psalter,  
speaks gravely of eternity.

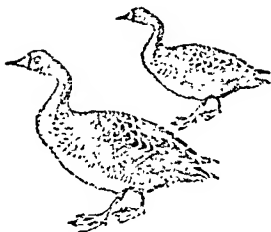
us,  
we let the great storm over-ride us,  
grow spacious and anonymous.

From "The Spectator" by Rainer Maria Rilke



A SIMPLE and inoffensive fish, whose nests are visible all along the shore, hollowed in the sand, over which it is steadily poised through the summer hours on waving fin. Sometimes there are twenty or thirty nests in the space of a few rods, two feet wide by half a foot in depth, and made with no little labour, the weeds being removed, and the sand shoved up on the sides, like a bowl. Here it may be seen early in summer assiduously brooding, and driving away minnows and larger fishes, even its own species, which would disturb its ova, pursuing them a few feet, and circling round swiftly to its nest again. . . . Though stationary, they keep up a constant sculling or waving motion with their fins, which is exceedingly graceful, and expressive of their humble happiness; for, unlike ours, the element in which they live is a stream which must be constantly resisted. From time to time they nibble the weeds at the bottom or overhanging their nests, or dart after a fly or a worm. The dorsal fin, besides answering the purpose of a keel, with the anal serves to keep the fish upright; for in shallow water, where this is not covered, they fall on their sides. As you stand thus stooping over the bream in its nest, the edges of the dorsal and caudal fins have a singular dusty golden reflection, and its eyes, which stand out from the head, are transparent and colourless. Seen in its native element, it is a very beautiful and compact fish, perfect in all its parts, and looks like a brilliant coin fresh from the mint. It is a perfect jewel of the river, the green, red, coppery, and golden reflections of its mottled sides being the concentration of such rays as struggle through the floating pads and flowers to the sandy bottom, and in harmony with the sunlit brown and yellow pebbles. Behind its watery shield it dwells far from many accidents inevitable to human life.

From *The Sun-Fish or Bream* by Henry David Thoreau



When God had finished the stars and whirl of coloured  
suns

He turned His mind from big things to fashion little ones,  
Beautiful tiny things (like daisies) He made, and then  
He made the comical ones in case the minds of men

Should stiffen and become

Dull, humourless and plumb,

And so forgetful of their Maker be

As to take even themselves—*quite seriously*

Caterpillars and cats are lively and excellent puns

All God's jokes are good—even the practical ones!

And as for the duck, I think God must have smiled a bit

Seeing those bright eyes blink on the day He fashioned it

And He's probably laughing still at the sound that came  
out of its beak!

From "Ducks" by F W Hargreaves

9 September, 1809

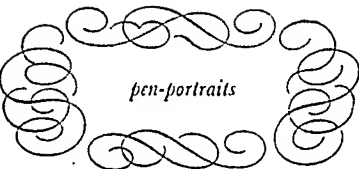
I HEAR you laugh at me for being happy in the country, and upon this I have a few words to say. In the first place, whether one lives or dies I hold and always have held to be of infinitely less moment than is generally supposed; but if life is the choice then it is common sense to amuse yourself with the best you can find where you happen to be placed. I am not leading precisely the life I should choose, but that which (all things considered, as well as I could consider them) appeared to be the more eligible. I am resolved therefore to like it and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post, of being thrown away, and being desolate and such like trash. I am prepared therefore either way. If the chances of life ever enable me to emerge, I will show you that I have not been wholly occupied by small and sordid pursuits. If (as the greater probability is) I am come to the end of my career, I give myself quietly up to horticulture, and the annual augmentation of my family. In short, if my lot be to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can possibly avoid it I will never be unhappy.

A letter by Sydney Smith to Lady Holland.



HAPPINESS ain't a thing in itself—its only a *contrast* with something that ain't pleasant

Mark Twain

A decorative border made of black ink scrollwork, consisting of several overlapping loops and swirls that form a rectangular frame around the central text.

*pen-portraits*

9 September, 1809

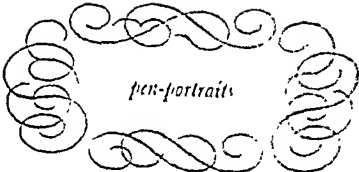
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*pen-portraits*



CAESAR entered and took his seat. His presence awed men in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had decided to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favour to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made Governor of Bithynia, then came close to him with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Caesar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum, the crowds outside caught the words that Caesar was dead and scattered to their houses. Antony, guessing that those who had killed Caesar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Caesar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him.

From *Caesar* by James Anthony Froude



then and have patience. When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, No; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said: When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end. He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—they were his last words—he said: Crito, I owe a cock to Aesculapius; will you remember to pay the debt? The debt shall be paid, said Crito; is there anything else? There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendants uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest and justest and best.

“The Death of Socrates” from Plato’s *Phaedo*  
(Translated by Benjamin Jowett)



CAESAR entered and took his seat. His presence awed men in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had decided to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion. One had a story to tell him; another some favour to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made Governor of Bithynia, then came close to him with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word. Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Caesar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored. The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and rushed into the Forum, the grounds outside, or into the country.

SOME OF THEM from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Caesar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him.

14 February, 1776

AFTER the singular pleasure of reading you, Sir, the next satisfaction is to declare my admiration. I have read great part of your volume, and cannot decide to which of its various merits I give the preference, though I have no doubt of assigning my partiality to one virtue of the author, which, seldom as I meet with it, always strikes me superiorly. Its quality will naturally prevent your guessing which I mean. It is your amiable modesty. How can you know so much, judge so well, possess your subject, and your knowledge, and your powers of judicious reflection so thoroughly, and yet command yourself and betray no dictatorial arrogance of decision? How unlike very ancient and very modern authors! You have, unexpectedly, given the world a classic history. The same it must acquire will tend every day to acquit this panegyric of flattery. The impressions it has made on me are very numerous. The strongest is the thirst of being better acquainted with you; but I reflect that I have been a trifling author, and am in no light profound enough to deserve your intimacy, except by confessing your superiority so frankly, that I assure you honestly, I already feel no envy, though I did for a moment. The best proof I can give you of my sincerity, is to exhort you, warmly and earnestly, to go on with your noble work: the strongest though a presumptuous mark of my friendship, is to warn you never to let your charming modesty be corrupted by the acclamations your talents will receive. The native qualities of the man should never be sacrificed to those of the author, however shining. I take this liberty as an older man, which reminds me how little I dare promise myself that I shall see your work completed! But I love posterity enough to contribute, if I can, to give them pleasure through you.

A letter from Horace Walpole to Edward Gibbon

IN all by which praise is won, Leon Battista was from his childhood the first. Of his various gymnastic feats and exercises we read with astonishment how, in the cathedral, he threw a coin in the air till it was heard to ring against the distant roof; how the wildest horses trembled under him. In three things he desired to appear faultless to others, in walking, in riding, and in speaking. He learned music without a master, and yet his compositions were admired by professional judges. Under the pressure of poverty, he studied both civil and canonical law for many years, till exhaustion brought on a severe illness. In his twenty-fourth year, finding his memory for words weakened, but his sense of facts unimpaired, he set to work at physics and mathematics. And all the while he acquired every sort of accomplishment and dexterity, cross-examining artists, scholars and artisans of all descriptions, down to the cobblers, about the secrets and peculiarities of their craft. Painting and modelling he practised by the way, and especially excelled in admirable likenesses from memory. Great admiration was excited by his mysterious "camera obscura", in which he showed at one time the stars and the moon rising over rocky hills, at another wide landscapes with mountains and gulfs receding into dim perspective, and with fleets advancing on the waters in shade or sunshine. And that which others created he welcomed joyfully, and held every human achievement which followed the laws of beauty for something almost divine. To all this must be added his literary works, first of all those on art, which are landmarks and authorities of the first order for the Renaissance of Form, especially in architecture, then his Latin prose writings—novels and other works—of which some have been taken for productions of antiquity: his elegies, eclogues, and humorous dinner-speeches. And all that he had and knew he imparted, as rich natures always do, without the least reserve, giving away his chief discoveries for nothing. But the deepest spring of his nature has yet to be spoken of—the sympathetic intensity

with which he entered into the whole life around him. At the sight of noble trees and waving corn-fields he shed tears; handsome and dignified old men he honoured as "a delight of nature", and could never look at them enough. No wonder that those who saw him in this close and mysterious communion with the world ascribed to him the gift of prophecy. He was said to have foretold a bloody catastrophe in the family of Este, the fate of Florence, and the death of the Popes years before they happened, and to be able to read into the countenances and the hearts of men. It need not be added that an iron will pervaded and sustained his whole personality; like all the great men of the Renaissance, he said, "Men can do all things if they will."

From *The Civilisation of the Renaissance in Italy*  
by Jacob Burckhardt

THE more intelligent a man is, the more originality he discovers in men. Ordinary people see no difference between men.

Blaise Pascal

SHOW me a hero and I will write you a tragedy.

F. Scott Fitzgerald





EVERY day for at least ten years together did my father resolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet;—no family but ours would have borne with it an hour—and what is most astonishing, there was not a subject in the world upon which my father was so eloquent as upon that of door hinges. And yet at the same time, he was

his philosophy or his principles fell a victim to it;—three drops of oil with a feather and a smart stroke of a hammer, had saved his honour for ever.

—I cannot state that man . . . . .  
wounds  
contradi  
gift of God to him—(instead of pouring in oil) serving but to sharpen his sensibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them. Poor unhappy creature that he should do so. Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enow, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy Hall—the parlour door hinge shall be mended this reign

*From Tristram Shandy by Laurence Sterne*



PLENTY of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgements constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgements and watch-words. It seeks to do away with classes; to make the best that has been thought and known in the world current everywhere; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, where they may use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely—nourished and not bound by them.

This is the social idea; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowledge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanise it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the best knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light.

*From Culture and Anarchy by Matthew Arnold*

REFORMERS are those who educate people to appreciate what they need.

E. Hubbard

AND Hiram sent to Solomon, saying, 'I have considered the things which thou sentest to me for; and I will do all thy desire concerning timber of cedar, and concerning timber of fir.

My servants shall bring *them* down from Lebanon unto the sea; and I will convey them by sea in floats unto the place that thou shalt appoint me, and will cause them to be discharged there, and thou shalt receive *them*; and thou shalt accomplish my desire, in giving food for my household

So Hiram gave Solomon cedar trees and fir trees according to all his desire.

And Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food to his household, and twenty measures of pure oil to his household, by year.

And Hiram brought great stones, and wrought great stones, for the foundation of the house.

And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew *them*, and the stone squarers so they prepared timber and stones to build the house

From *I Kings*, V, verses viii-xi, xvii-xviii  
THE OLD TESTAMENT

JOY in one's work is the consummate tool without which the work may be done indeed, but without joy, the work will always be do perfectness. Men are like men carving statues with hatchets. The statue may get carved, perhaps, and is a monument forever to the dogged perseverance of the artist; but there is a perpetual waste of toil, and there is no fine result in the end.

Phillips Brooks

29 July, 1782

THERE are few—I believe I may say fairly there are none at all—that will not find themselves better informed concerning human nature, and their stock of observation enriched, by reading your *Cecilia*. They certainly will, let their experience in life and manners be what it may. The arrogance of age must submit to be taught by youth. You have crowded into a few small volumes an incredible variety of characters; most of them well planned, well supported, and well contrasted with each other. If there be any fault in this respect, it is one in which you are in no great danger of being imitated. Justly as your characters are drawn, perhaps they are too numerous. But I beg pardon; I fear it is quite in vain to preach economy to those who are come young to excessive and sudden opulence. . . .

From a letter to Fanny Burney by Edmund Burke

13 August, 1766

EVERY man's opinions, at least his desires, are a little influenced by his favourite studies. My zeal for languages may seem, perhaps, rather over-heated, even to those by whom I desire to be well esteemed. To those who have nothing in their thoughts but trade or policy, present power, or present money, I should not think it necessary to defend my opinions; but with men of letters, I would not unwillingly compound, by wishing the continuance of every language, however narrow in its extent, or however incommodious for common purposes, till it is repositied in some version of a known book, that it may be always hereafter examined and compared with other languages, and then permitting its disuse.

From a letter by Samuel Johnson



SOCIETY has really no graver interest than the well-being of the literary class. And it is not to be derided that men are cordial in their recognition and welcome of intellectual accomplishments. Still the writer does not stand with us on any commanding ground. I think this to be his own fault. A pound passes for a pound. There have been times when he was a sacred person: he wrote Bibles, the first hymns; the codes; the epics; tragic songs, Sibylline verses, Chaldean oracles; Laconian sentences, inscribed on Temple walls. Every word was true and woke the nations to new life. He wrote without levity, and without choice. Every word was carved before his eyes, into the earth and the sky; and the sun and stars were only letters of the same purpose, and of no more necessity. But how can he be honoured, when he does not honour himself; when he loses himself in the crowd, when he is no longer the law-giver, but the sycophant, ducking to the giddy opinion of a reckless public, when he must sustain with shameless advocacy some bad government, or must bark all the year round, in opposition, or write conventional criticism, or profligate novels, or at any rate, write without thought, and without recurrence, by day and by night, to the sources of inspiration?

*From Representative Men by Ralph Waldo Emerson*



"MY wife, sir—Mrs. Leo Hunter—is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick, and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him."

"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"You shall make it, sir," replied the grave man. "Tomorrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fete champetre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir," resumed the new acquaintance—" 'feasts of reason', sir, 'and flows of soul', as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts, feelingly and originally observed."

"Was he celebrated for his works and talents?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He was, sir," replied the grave man, "all Mrs. Leo Hunter's acquaintance are; it is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance."

"It is a very noble ambition," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You have a gentleman in your train, who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir."

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry. sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind

are wound up, and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself. You may have met with it."

Mr. Pickwick.

"You astonish me, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter. "It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a Lady's Magazine. It commenced:

'Can I view thee panting, lying  
On thy stomach without sighing;  
Can I unmoved see thee dying  
On a log  
Expiring frog!'

"Beautiful," said Mr. Pickwick

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick

"It runs thus," said the grave man still more gravely

"'Say have fiends in shape of boys  
With wild halloo and brutal noise  
Hunted thee from marshy joys  
With a dog  
Expiring frog.'

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"All point, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter, "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. She can do justice to it, sir. She will repeat it, in character, tomorrow morning."

"In character!"

"As Minerva. But I forgot—it's a fancy-dress breakfast."

FORMAL Government makes but a small part of civilised life; and when even the best that human wisdom can devise is established, it is a thing more in name and idea than in fact. It is to the great and fundamental principles of society and civilisation—to the common usage universally consented to, and mutually and reciprocally maintained—to the unceasing circulation of interest, which, passing through its million channels, invigorates the whole mass of civilised man—it is to these things, infinitely more than to anything which even the best instituted Government can perform, that the safety and prosperity of the individual and of the whole depends.

The more perfect civilisation is, the less occasion has it for Government, because the more it does regulate its own affairs, and govern itself. . . . It is but few general laws that civilised life requires, and those of such common usefulness, that whether they are enforced by the forms of government or not, the effect will be nearly the same. If we consider what the principles are that first condense men into society, and what the motives that regulate their mutual intercourse afterwards, we shall find by the time we arrive at what is called Government, that nearly the whole of the business is performed by the natural operation of the parts upon each other.

From *The Rights of Man* by Thomas Paine

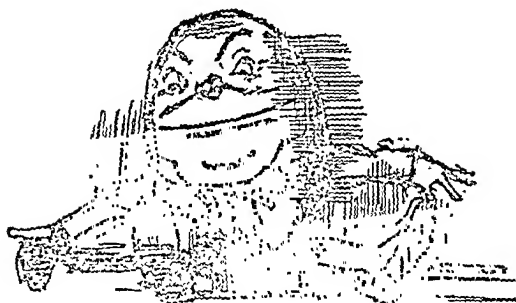
I WOULD have been glad to have lived under my woodside, and to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than to have undertaken this government.

Oliver Cromwell



IT is not easy to write a familiar style. Many people mistake a familiar for a vulgar style, and suppose that to write without affectation is to write at random. On the contrary, there is nothing that requires more precision and, if I may say so, purity of expression, than the style I am speaking of. It utterly rejects not only all unmeaning pomp, but all low, cant phrases, and loose, unconnected, slipshod allusions. It is not to take the first word that offers, but the best word in common use; it is not to throw words together in any combinations we please, but to follow and avail ourselves of the true idiom of the language. To write a genuine familiar or truly English style is to write as any one would speak in common conversation who had a thorough command and choice of words, or who could discourse with ease, force and perspicuity, setting aside all pedantic and oratorical flourishes. Or, to give another illustration, to write naturally is the same thing in regard to common conversation as to read naturally is in regard to common speech. It does not follow that it is an easy thing to give the true accent and inflection to the words you utter, because you do not attempt to rise above the level of ordinary life and colloquial speaking. You do not assume, indeed, the solemnity of the pulpit, or the tone of stage-declamation; neither are you at liberty to gabble on at a venture, without emphasis or discretion, or to resort to vulgar dialect or clownish pronunciation. You must steer a middle course.





HUMPTY-DUMPTY said, "There's glory for you."

"I don't know what you mean by glory," Alice said.

"Of course you don't till I tell you. I meant, there's a nice knock-down argument for you."

"But glory doesn't mean a nice knock-down argument," Alice objected.

"When *I* use a word," Humpty-Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you *can* make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty-Dumpty, "which is to be Master—that's all."

Alice was too much puzzled to say anything, so after a minute Humpty-Dumpty began again:

"They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, *I* can manage the whole lot of them! *Impenetrability!* That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty-Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by impenetrability that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to

do next, as I don't suppose you mean to stop here the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty-Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

"Oh," said Alice. She was too much puzzled to make any other remark.

From *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* by Lewis Carroll

## VOWELS

BLACK A, white E, red I, green U, blue O,  
Some day I'll tell your birth's dark mysteries.  
First A, black hairy corselet of bright flies  
Round deathly smells, dark gulfs of vertigo;

E, silver mists, proud glaciers, white kings' tents,  
Belled snow flowers shuddering with fright fire;  
I, blood and crimsons, laugh of lips in fire  
Or in the drunken trance of penitents;

U, orbits, heavenly throb of glaucous seas,  
And peace of fields and kine, alchemic peace  
Of graven lines on foreheads of the wise;

And O, last Trumpet, strange and staid O,  
The silence through which Worlds and Angels go:  
—O, Omega, the azure of His Eyes!

WHEN a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former—while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart—has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he thinks fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights and deepen and enrich the shadows of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and especially, to mingle the Marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavour, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime even if he disregard this caution.

From the Preface to *The House of the Seven Gables*  
by Nathaniel Hawthorne

AS good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.

John Milton

THAT the great affairs of the world, the wars, revolutions, etc., are carried on and effected by parties.

That the view of these parties is their present general interest, or what they take to be such.

That the different views of these different parties occasion all confusion.

That while a party is carrying on a general design, each man has his particular private interest in view.

That as soon as a party has gained its general point each member becomes intent upon his particular interest, which thwarting others, breaks that party into divisions and occasions more confusion.

That few in public affairs act from a mere view of the good of their country, whatever they may pretend, and though their actings bring real good to their country, yet men primarily considered that their own and their country's interest was united and did not act from a principle of benevolence

That fewer still in public affairs act with a view to the good of mankind.

From the *Autobiography* of Benjamin Franklin

no poet should borrow his medium readymade from some shop of respectability; he should not only have his own seeds but should prepare his own soil. Each poet has his own language, not because all language is of his own making, but because his individual use transforms it into a special vehicle of his own creation.

Rabindranath Tagore

BOOKS, however, were the least part of the education of an Athenian citizen. Let us, for a moment, transport ourselves in thought, to that glorious city. Let us imagine that we are entering its gates, in the time of its power and glory. A crowd is assembled round a portico. All are gazing with delight at the entablature; for Phidias is putting up the frieze. We turn into another street; a rhapsodist is reciting there: men, women, children are thronging round him: the tears are running down their cheeks; their eyes are fixed; their very breath is still; for he is telling how Priam fell at the feet of Achilles, and kissed those hands—the terrible, the murderous—which had slain so many of his sons. We enter the public place; there is a ring of youths, all leaning forward with sparkling eyes and gestures of expectation, Socrates is pitted against the famous atheist, from Ionia, and has just brought him to a contradiction in terms. But we are interrupted. The herald is crying, "Room for the Prytanes". The general assembly is to meet. The people are swarming in on every side. Proclamation is made, "who wishes to speak?" There is a shout and a clapping of hands; Pericles is mounting the stand. Then for a play of Sophocles; and away to sup with Aspasia. I know of no modern university which has so excellent a system of education.

From *The Athenian Orators* by T. B. Macaulay

I AM tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. It is only those who have neither fired a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded who cry aloud for blood, more vengeance, more desolation. War is hell.

William T. Sherman



THE word most often on his lips was *trouble*.

lost his buttons, he broke his combs.

He would say: "I'll paint the door. I will bring oil for the lantern. I will repair the leak on the roof." And months passed: the door remained unpainted, the leak unrepaired, the lantern without oil

He would say: "I would give my life for a few months of fulfilment, of achievement, of something I could be proud of."

And then he would drink a little more red wine, light another cigarette. His arms would fall at his sides . . .

When they entered a shop, she saw a padlock which they needed for the trap door and said "Let's buy it."

"No," said Rango, "I have seen one cheaper elsewhere."

She desisted. And the next day she said: "I'm going near the place where you said they sold cheap padlocks. Tell me where it is and I'll get it."

"No," said Rango. "I'm going there today I'll get it." Weeks passed, months passed and their belongings kept disappearing because there was no padlock on the trap door.

From *The Four-Chambered Heart* by Anais Nin



I FEEL that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up?—Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the best of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honour and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labours under a curse. He writes not of love

but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, or victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure, that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honour and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

*Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech by William Faulkner*



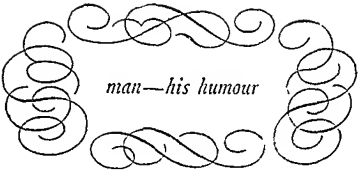


WHY, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which with pain purchased doth inherit pain:  
As painfully to pore upon a book  
To see the light of truth; while truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light seeking light doth light of light beguile:  
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.  
Study me how to please the eye indeed  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed  
And give him light that it was blinded by.  
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:  
Small have continual plodders ever won  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights  
That give a name to every fixed star  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.  
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;  
And every godfather can give a name.

*From Love's Labour's Lost* by William Shakespeare

is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern  
on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has  
reached ground, encumbers him with help?

Samuel Johnson



*man—his humour*



. . . IT IS notorious that tea has no useful strength in it; that it contains nothing nutritious; that it, besides being good for nothing, has badness in it, because it is well known to produce want of sleep in many cases, and in all cases, to shake and weaken the nerves. It is, in fact, a weaker kind of laudanum, which enlivens for the moment and deadens afterwards. At any rate it communicates no strength to the body, it does not in any degree assist in affording what labour demands. It is, then, of no use. And

The prices are at the very lowest. I shall suppose a tea-pot to cost a shilling, six cups and saucers two shillings and sixpence, and six pewter spoons eighteen-pence. How to estimate the firing I hardly know, but certainly there must be in the course of the year two hundred fires made that would not be made were it not for tea-drinking. Then comes the great article of all, the time employed in this tea-making affair. It is impossible to make a fire, boil water, make the tea, drink it, wash up the things, sweep up the fireplace, and put all to rights again in less space of time, upon an average, than two hours. However, let us allow one hour, and here we have a woman occupied no less than three hundred and sixty-five hours in the year; or thirty whole days at twelve hours in the day; that is to say, one month out of the twelve in the year, besides the waste of the man's time in hanging about waiting for the tea! Needs there anything more to make us cease to wonder at seeing labourers' children with dirty linen and holes in the heels of their stockings?

*From The Vice of Tea-Drinking by William Cobbett*

"JUST the place for a Snark!" the bellman cried,  
As he landed his crew with care;  
Supporting each man on the top of the tide  
By a finger entwined in his hair.

"Just the place for a Snark! I have said it twice:  
That alone should encourage the crew.  
Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice:  
What I tell you three times is true."

The crew was complete: it included a Boots—  
A maker of Bonnets and Hoods—  
A Barrister brought to arrange their disputes—  
And a Broker, to value their goods.

A Billiard-marker, whose skill was immense,  
Might perhaps have won more than his share—  
But a Banker, engaged at enormous expense,  
Had the whole of their cash in his care.

There was also a Beaver, that paced on the deck,  
Or would sit making lace on the bow:  
And had often (the Bellman said) saved them from  
wreck  
Though none of the sailors knew how.

There was one who was famed for the number of  
things  
He forgot when he entered the ship:  
His umbrella, his watch, all his jewels and rings,  
And the clothes he had bought for the trip.

He had forty-two boxes, all carefully packed,  
With his name clearly painted on each:  
But, since he omitted to mention the fact,  
They were all left behind on the beach.

The loss of his clothes hardly mattered, because  
He had seven coats on when he came,  
With three pairs of boots—but the worst of it was,  
He had wholly forgotten his name.

*From The Hunting of the Snark by Lewis Carroll*

### COSSIMBAZAR

Come fleetly, come fleetly, my hookabadar,  
For the sound of the tam-tam is heard from afar  
"Banoolah! Banoolah!" the Brahmins are nigh,  
And the depths of the jungle re-echo their cry

*Pestonjee Bomanjee!*

Smite the guitar.

Join in the chorus, my hookabadar.

Heed not the blast of the deadly monsoon,  
Nor the blue Brahmaputra that gleams in the moon,  
Stick to thy music, and oh, let the sound  
Be heard with distinctness a mile or two round

*Jamsetjee, Jeejeebhoy!*

Sweep the guitar.

Join in the chorus, my hookabadar.

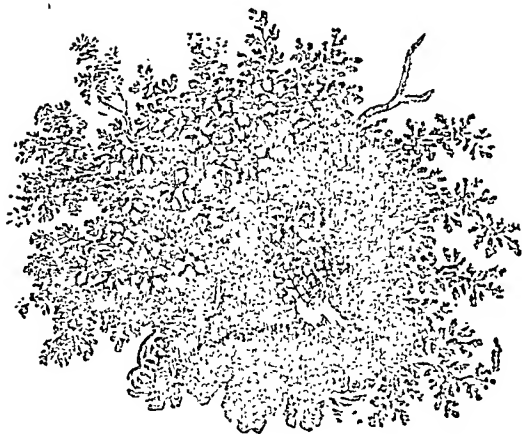
Art thou a Buddhist, or dost thou indeed  
Put faith in the mighty Mohammedan creed?  
Art thou a Ghebir—a kindly Parsee?  
Not that it matters an atom to me.

*Cursetjee Bomanjee!*

Twang the guitar.

Join in the chorus, my hookabadar.

Henry



## THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money.  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon

Edward Lear





THEY went to sea in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they went to sea:

In spite of all their friends could say,

On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a Sieve they went to sea!

And when the Sieve turned round and round,

And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"

They called aloud, "Our Sieve ain't big,

But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!

In a Sieve we'll go to sea!"

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they sailed so fast,

With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a riband by way of a sail,

To a small tobacco-pipe mast;

And everyone said, who saw them go,

"O won't they be soon upset, you know!

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,

And happen what may, it's extremely wrong

In a Sieve to sail so fast!"

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

*The Random Reader*

And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more;  
And everyone said, "How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore,"  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And everyone said, "If we only live,  
We, too, will go to sea in a Sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,  
And they went to sea in a Sieve.

From "The Jumblies" by Edward Lear

THE other day upon a stair,  
I saw a man who wasn't there,  
He wasn't there again today  
I wish to God he'd go away

A WISE old bird sat on an oak,  
The more he heard, the less he spoke,  
The less he spoke the more he heard,  
Let us not laugh at this wise old bird

Anonymous

## JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

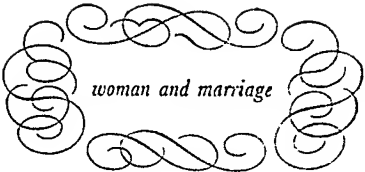
And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

*From Alice Through the Looking-Glass by Lewis Carroll*

A decorative border made of black scrollwork, consisting of several loops and swirls, framing the central text.

*woman and marriage*



it is very commonly observed that the most smart pangs which we meet with are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humour, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises that trifles are commonly

assuming the character of a husband, of the same kind enough in condescend

easy and inconstant

I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honeymoon about cutting up a tart. Nay, I could name two, who, after having had ten children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbours have not spoken to one another these three days because they differed in their opinions whether the clock should stand by the window or over the chimney. It may seem strange to you, who are not a married man, when I tell you how the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week together. But if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the soft sex as often express their anger by an obstinate silence as an ungovernable clamour.

From *The Tailor* by Richard Steele

THE allurements that women hold out to men is precisely the allurements that Cape Hatteras holds out to sailors; they are enormously dangerous and hence enormously fascinating. To the average man, doomed to some banal drudgery all his life long, they offer the only grand hazard that he ever encounters. Take them away and his existence would be as flat and secure as that of a moo-cow. Even to the unusual man, the adventurous man, the imaginative and romantic man, they offer the adventure of adventures. Civilisation tends to dilute and cheapen all other hazards. Even war has been largely reduced to caution and calculation. . . . But the duel of sex continues to be fought in the berserker manner. Whosoever approaches women still faces the immemorial dangers. Civilisation has not made them a bit more safe than they were in Solomon's time; they are still inordinately menacing, and hence inordinately provocative, and hence inordinately charming.

H. L. Mencken

NOTHING is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly; it tells you that her lot is disposed of in this world: that you can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none: not wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their

arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask . . . could pretend

is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents. . . . I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phoenixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common—

From *A Bachelor's Complaint* by Charles Lamb

WOMAN inspires us to great things, and prevents us from achieving them

Alexandre Dumas



OF your love, I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love, as in every other passion of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events. There is, indeed, nothing that so much seduces reason from vigilance as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive amusement. A woman, we are sure, will not be always fair—we are not sure she will always be virtuous; and a man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not, however, pretend to have discovered that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage, therefore know not what counsel to give you.

From a letter in Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson*

—PRAY, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must go to the *opera comique*:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work—

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

—*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left-hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns; and be

that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont Neuf*, which you must cross—and there anyone will do himself the pleasure to show you—

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natur'd patience the third time as  
 myself

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot. Is it possible? said she, half laughing—"Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

From *A Sentimental Journey Through France and Italy*  
 by Laurence Sterne

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving and cookery none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fire-side, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

From *The Vicar of Wakefield* by Oliver Goldsmith

THAT women are Inconstant, I with any man confess, but that Inconstancy is a bad quality, I against any man will maintain: For everything as it is one better than another, so is it fuller of change; the Heavens themselves continually turn, the Stars move, the Moon changeth; Fire whirleth, Aire flyeth, Water ebbs and flowes, the face of the Earth altereth her looks, time

staies not; the Colour that is most light, ~~will take most~~  
dyes: so in Men, they that have the most reason are the  
most alterable in their designs; and the darkest and  
most ignorant, do seldome change; therefore Women  
changing more than Men, have also more Reason. They  
cannot be immutable like stocks, like stones, like the  
Earth's dull Centre; Gold that lyeth still, rusteth Water,  
corrupteth; Aire that moveth not, poysoneth; then why  
should that which is the perfection of other things, be  
imputeth to Women as greatest imperfection? Because  
thereby they deceive Men. Are not your wits pleased with  
those jests, which cozen your expectation? You can call  
it pleasure to be beguil'd in troubles, and in the most  
excellent toy in the world, you call it Treachery I would  
you had your Mistresses so constant, that they would  
never change, no not so much as their smocks, then  
should you see what sluttish virtue, Constancy were.

From *Paradoxes and Problems* by John Donne

### SONG

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,  
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.  
So court a mistress, she denies you;  
Let her alone, she will court you.  
Say are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

‘ . . . and man shadows are longest . . . ’

But grant us perfect, they're not known  
Say are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Ben Jonson

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below  
Which men are forbidden to see,  
He turned up his lyre, as old histories show  
To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonished a person so wise  
Should rashly endanger his life  
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,  
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to the fault  
Old Pluto had puzzled his brain;  
But hell had no torment sufficient, he thought—  
So he gave him his wife back again.

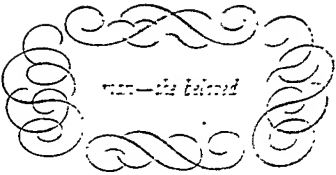
But pity succeeding found place in his heart  
And, pleased with his playing so well,  
He took her again in reward of his art—  
Such merit had music in hell.

Samuel Lisle



LOVE for life is still possible, only one loves differently: it  
is like love for a woman whom one does not trust.

Friedrich W. Nietzsche



*man—the learned*



THE question of professions, in as far as they regard marriage, was only interesting to women until of late days, but it touches all of us now. Certainly, if I could help it, I would never marry a wife who wrote. The practise of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the more human portion of the author is extinct; he will bully, backbite, and speak daggers. Music, I hear, is not much better. But painting, on the contrary, is often highly sedative, because so much of the labour, after your picture is once begun, is almost entirely manual, and of that skilled sort of manual labour which offers a continual series of successes, and so tickles a man, through his vanity, into good humour. Alas! in letters there is nothing of this sort.

A ship's captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence on love and keep it bright and delicate; but he is just the worst man if the feeling is more pedestrian, as habit is too frequently torn open and the soldier has never time to set. Men who fish, botanise, work with the turning-lathe, or gather seaweeds, will make admirable husbands, and a little amateur painting in water-colour shows the innocent and quiet mind. Those who have a few intimates are to be avoided; while those who swim loose, who have their hat in their hand all along the street, who can number an infinity of acquaintances and are not chargeable with any one friend, promise an easy disposition and no rival to the wife's influence. I will not say they are the best of men, but they are the stuff out of which adroit and capable women manufacture the best husbands.

From *Virginibus Puerisque* by R. L. Stevenson



## MY TRUE-LOVE

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one to the other given:  
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.  
His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
I cherish his because in me it bides:

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

Sir Philip Sidney

How should I your true love know  
From another one?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.  
He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.  
White his shroud as the mountain snow,  
Larded all with sweet flowers,  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true-love showers.

From *Hamlet* by William Shakespeare

'TIS strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think  
him an angel.

William Makepeace Thackeray



Lady Wishfort: Is Sir Rowland coming, sayest thou, Foible? and are things in order? . . .

How do I look, Foible?

Shall I receive him? In what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit? No, I won't sit—I'll walk—aye, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie—aye, I'll lie down—yes, yes, I'll give him the first impression on a couch. I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow; with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, aye, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder. Yes, oh, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion. It shows the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and recomposing airs beyond comparison. Hark! There's a coach.

From *The Way of the World* by William Congreve

IT is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it," cried his wife impatiently.

"You want to tell me and I have no objection to hearing it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! Single my dear, to sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is

very likely that he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

From *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen

THERE was another difference between Laura and me she felt sad when she refused the men who proposed to her; I pitied no man who loved me. I told Laura that both her lovers and mine had a very good chance of getting over it, as they invariably declared themselves too soon. We were neither of us *au fond* very susceptible. It was the custom of the house that men should be in love with us, but I can truly say that we gave quite as much as we received.

I said to Rowley Leach—a friend of my brother Eddy's and one of the first gentlemen that ever came to Glen—when he begged me to go for a walk with him

"Certainly, if you would ask me to marry you"

To which he replied

"I never thought of it"

"That's all right" said I, putting on a very confidently and gratefully thorough look.

He told me afterwards that he had been making up his mind and changing it to do so, so to say he should propose.

From *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith*

"AH, my dear," cried Lady Narborough, putting on her gloves, "don't tell me that you have exhausted Life. When a man says that, one knows that Life has exhausted him. Lord Henry is very wicked, and I sometimes wish that I had been; but you are made to be good—you look so good. I must find you a nice wife. Lord Henry, don't you think Mr. Gray should get married?"

"I am always telling him so, Lady Narborough," said Lord Henry, with a bow.

"Well, we must look out for a suitable match for him. I shall go through Debrett carefully tonight, and draw out a list of all the eligible young ladies."

"With their ages, Lady Narborough?" asked Dorian.

"Of course, with their ages, slightly edited. But nothing must be done in a hurry. I want it to be what *The Morning Post* calls a suitable alliance, and I want you both to be happy."

"What nonsense people talk about happy marriages!" exclaimed Lord Henry. "A man can be happy with any woman, as long as he does not love her."

"Ah! What a cynic you are!" cried the old lady, pushing back her chair, and nodding to Lady Ruxton. "You must come and dine with me soon again. You are really an admirable tonic, much better than what Sir Andrew prescribes for me. You must tell me what people you would like to meet, though. I want it to be a delightful gathering."

"I like men who have a future, and women who have a past," he answered. "Or do you think that would make it a petticoat party?"

"I fear so," she said, laughing as she stood up. A thousand pardons, my dear Lady Ruxton," she added. "I didn't see you hadn't finished your cigarette."

"Never mind, Lady Narborough. I smoke a great deal too much. I am going to limit myself, for the future."

"Pray don't, Lady Ruxton," said Lord Henry. "Moderation is a fatal thing. Enough is as bad as a meal. More than enough is as good as a feast."

## The Random Reader

Lady Ruxton glanced at him curiously. "You must come and explain that to me some afternoon, Lord Henry. It sounds a fascinating theory," she murmured, as she swept out of the room.

From *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde

SATURDAY. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilet.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Mrs. Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from the table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig. Bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicotini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out Ancora. Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicotini said he was Mr. Froth.

SUNDAY Indisposed.

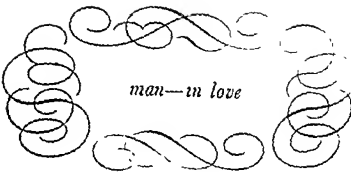
From *A Lady's Diary* by Joseph Addison

THE voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh  
Leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.  
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart;  
Behold, he standeth behind our wall,  
He looketh forth at the windows,  
Shewing himself through the lattice.  
My beloved spake, and said unto me,  
"Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.  
For, lo, the winter is past,  
The rain is over and gone;  
The flowers appear on the earth;  
The time of the singing of birds is come,  
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;  
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,  
And the vines with the tender grape  
Give a good smell.  
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.  
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock,  
in the secret places of the stairs,  
Let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice;  
For sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

My beloved is mine, and I am his:  
He feedeth among the lilies.  
Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away,  
Turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young  
hart  
Upon the mountains of Bether.

Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south;  
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow  
out.  
Let my beloved come into his garden,  
And eat his pleasant fruits.

From "The Song of Songs" (*Solomon*, II, verses viii-xvii,  
IV, verse xvi). THE OLD TESTAMENT



*man—in love*







"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!"

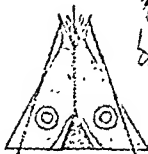
Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger whom we know not!  
Like a fire upon the hearthstone  
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands"

Smiling answered Hiawatha:  
"In the land of the Dakotas  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsome of all the women  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people"



From *The Song of Hiawatha* by H. W. Longfellow

*The Random Reader*

OFFHAND, at times hysterical, abrupt,  
You are one I always shall remember,  
Whom cant can never corrupt  
Nor argument disinheret.  
Frivolous, always in a hurry, forgetting the address,  
Frowning too often, taking enormous notice  
Of hats and backchat—how could I assess  
The thing that makes you different?  
You whom I remember glad or tired,  
Smiling in drink or scintillating anger,  
Inopportunately desired  
On boats, on trains, on roads when walking.  
Sometimes untidy, often elegant,  
So' easily hurt, so readily responsive,  
To whom a trifle could be an irritant  
Or could be balm and manna.  
Whose words would tumble over each other and pelt  
From pure excitement,  
Whose fingers curl and melt  
When you were friendly. . . .  
And I shall remember how your words could hurt  
Because they were so honest,  
And even your lies were able to assert  
Integrity of purpose.  
And it is on the strength of knowing you  
I reckon generous feeling more important  
Than the mere deliberating what to do  
When neither the pros nor cons affect the pulses.

From "Autumn Journal" by Louis MacNeice

AMID the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy than in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our flaunting ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before her vision; to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views; to violate in her favour every duty of society; this is a lover, and this is love. Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a storm sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of friends are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in his paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star; and if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the sea.

Yes! it  
heart of Fer  
withdrew a few paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and bent against a tree in a chaos of emotion. What had he seen? What ravishing vision had risen upon his sight? What did he feel? What wild, what delicious, what maddening impulse now pervaded his frame? A storm seemed raging in his soul, a mighty wind dispelling in its course the sullen clouds and vapours of long years. Silent he was indeed, for he was speechless; though the big drop that

quivered on his brow and the slight foam that played upon his lip proved the difficult passion of triumph over expression. But, as the wind clears the heaven, passion eventually tranquillises the soul. The tumult of his mind gradually subsided; the flitting memories, the scudding thoughts, that for that moment had coursed about in such wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded, a sense of beauty and of joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness.

He advanced, he gazed again; the lady was there. Changed indeed her position; she had gathered a flower and was admiring its beauty.

From *Henrietta Temple* by Benjamin Disraeli

## TO HELEN

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicacan barks of yore  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand!  
The agate lamp within thy hand,  
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land!

Edgar Allan Poe

NATURALNESS cannot be praised too highly. It is the only coquetry permissible in a thing so serious as love à la Werther; in which a man has no idea where he is going, and in which at the same time by a lucky chance for virtue, that is his best policy. A man, really moved, says charming things unconsciously, he speaks a language which he does not know himself.

Woe to the man the least bit affected. Given he were in love, allow him all the wit in the world, and he loses three-quarters of his advantages. Let him relapse for an instant into affectation—a moment later comes a moment of frost.

The whole art of love as it seems to me, reduces itself to saying exactly as much as the degree of intoxication at the moment allows of, that is to say in other terms, to listen to one's heart. It must not be thought that this is so easy; a man, who truly loves, has no longer strength to speak, when his mistress says anything to make him happy . . .

The fault of most men is that they want to succeed in saying something, which they think either pretty or witty or touching—instead of releasing their soul from the false gravity of the world, until a degree of intimacy and naturalness brings out in simple language what they are feeling at the moment. . .

If there is perfect naturalness between them, the happiness of two individuals comes to be fused together. This is simply the greatest happiness which can exist, by reason of sympathy and several other laws of human nature.

*From On Love by Stendhal*



AND WILT THOU LEAVE ME THUS

AND wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay, for shame,  
To save thee from the blame  
Of all my grief and grame.  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus?  
That hath loved thee so long  
In wealth and woe among:  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
That hath given thee my heart  
Never for to depart  
Neither for pain nor smart:  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay.

And wilt thou leave me thus,  
And have no more pity  
Of him that loveth thee?  
Alas, thy cruelty!  
And wilt thou leave me thus?  
Say nay, say nay.

Sir Thomas Wyatt



HE who is not jealous cannot love.

It is well known that love is always increasing or decreasing.

When made public love rarely endures.

It is not proper to love any woman whom one would be ashamed to seek to marry.

Every lover regularly turns pale in the presence of his beloved.

Good character alone makes any man worthy of love

He whom the thought of love vexes eats and sleeps very little.

A true lover considers nothing good except what he thinks will please his beloved.

A man who is vexed by too much passion usually does not love.

*From Rules of Courtly Love by Andreas Capellanus*



## SONNET

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken,  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom.  
    If this be error, and upon me proved,  
    I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

William Shakespeare

## THE SORROWS OF WERTHER

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte  
Such as words could never utter;  
Would you know how first he met her?  
    She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,  
And a moral man was Werther,  
And for all the wealth of Indies,  
    Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,  
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,  
Till he blew his silly brains out,  
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body  
Borne before her on a shroud,  
Like a well-conducted person,  
Went on cutting bread and butter.

William Makepeace Thackeray



### TAKE THOU THIS ROSE . . .

TAKE thou this rose, adorable, like thee,  
Thou rose to all the fairest roses known,  
Thou bloom to blossoms when they're newly blown,  
Whose perfume steals my soul away from me.

Take thou this rose, and with it take thou too  
My wingless heart to hide within thy breast;  
—Its hundred wounds its constancy attest,  
For they prevent it not from staying true.

In one respect I am not as the rose is;  
The same sun sees her die that saw her dawn;  
A thousand suns have seen my love reborn,

Whose life endures and knows not what repose is  
Would God my love, that blossomed like a flower,  
Had perished like the rose in one brief hour.

Pierre

THE CONSTANT LOVER

out upon it! I have lov'd  
Three whole days together;  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,  
Ere he shall discover  
In the whole wide world again  
Such a constant lover.

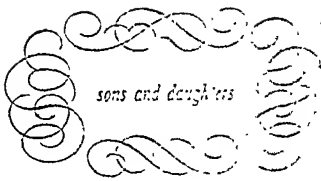
But the spite on't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me:  
Love with me had made no stays,  
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least ere this  
A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir John Suckling

THAT'S the nature of women . . . not to love when we love  
them, and to love when we love them not.

Miguel De Cervantes

A decorative border made of black ink scrollwork, consisting of various loops and swirls, framing the central text.

*sons and daughters*



19 November, 1745

now that the Christmas breaking-up draws near, I have ordered Mr. Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire that you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms, which with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do everything you do, well.

There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well. And I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance, dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life, and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with: the difference in this case between a man of sense and a fop, is, that the fop values himself upon his dress; and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it: there are a thousand foolish customs of this kind which, not being criminal, must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the cynic was a wise man for despising them; but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.

Lord Chesterfield to his Son



## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall!

*The Random Reader*

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

## GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

CHILDREN, you are very little,  
And your bones are very brittle;  
If you would grow great and stately,  
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,  
And content with simple diet;  
And remain, through all bewild'ring,  
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,  
Happy play in grassy places—  
That was how, in ancient ages,  
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly,  
And the sort who eat unduly,  
They must never hope for glory—  
Theirs is quite a different story!

Cruel children, crying babies,  
All grow up as geese and gabies,  
Hated, as their age increases,  
By their nephews and their nieces.

From *A Child's Garden of Verses*  
by Robert Louis Stevenson



## LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,  
And her young, artless words began to flow,  
One day we gave the child a coloured sphere  
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,  
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.  
She patted all the world; old empires peeped  
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand  
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped,  
And laughed, and prattled in her world-wide bliss  
But when she turned her sweet unlearned eye  
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,  
"O! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"  
And, while she hid all England with a kiss,  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Charles Tennyson-Turner

10 May, 1784

MY Dearest Miss Jenny,—I am sorry that your pretty letter has been so long without being answered; but, when I am not pretty well, I do not always write plain enough  
it you write  
r book, and  
books will  
give you knowledge, and make you respected; and your needle will find you useful employment when you do not care to read. When you are a little older, I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic; and, above all, that through your whole life you will carefully say your prayers. . . .

From a letter to a young friend by Samuel Johnson

## The Random Reader

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!

"Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollared ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou has more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy:  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude  
Of the tenants of the wood:  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;

# The Hand on the Plow

Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest herbs & grass grow,  
Where the ground nut trails its blue,  
Where the wood pecker's clusters shew  
Of the black warp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand in hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

From *The Barefoot Boy* by John Greenleaf Whittier

It is a beautiful	— — — — — and free
The holy time	— — — — —
Breathless with	the sacred sun
Is sinking down	— — — — —
The gentleness	— — — — — the love
Listen! the music	— — — — —
And doth with	— — — — —
A sound like the	— — — — — the heart,
Dear Child! do	— — — — — the heart,
If thou appear	— — — — —
Thy nature is	— — — — — the heart,
Thou hast in A	— — — — — the heart,
And worship	— — — — —
God being with	— — — — —

AND he said, A certain man had two sons:

And the younger of them said to *his* father, Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to *me*. And he divided unto them *his* living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want.

And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,

And am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put *it* on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on *his* feet:

And bring hither the fatted calf, and kill *it*; and let us eat, and be merry:

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

The Random Reader

And he said unto him, Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

And he was angry, and would not go in: and therefore came his father out, and intreated him.

And he, answering, said to *his* father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends:

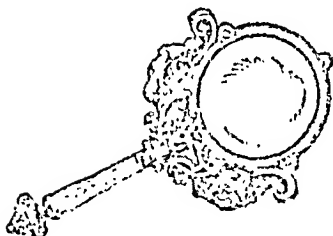
But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.

And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine

It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found

From *Luke XV*, verses xi-xxxii  
THE NEW TESTAMENT



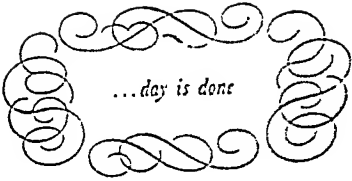


MAY she be granted beauty and yet not  
Beauty to make a stranger's eye distraught,  
Or hers before a looking-glass, for such,  
Being made beautiful overmuch,  
Consider beauty a sufficient end,  
Lose natural kindness and may be  
The heart-revealing intimacy  
That chooses right, and never find a friend.

May she become a flourishing hidden tree  
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,  
And have no business but dispensing round  
Their magnanimities of sound,  
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,  
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.  
O may she live like some green laurel  
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

And may her bridegroom bring her to a house  
Where all's accustomed, ceremonious;  
For arrogance and hatred are the wares  
Peddled in the thoroughfares.  
How but in custom and in ceremony  
Are innocence and beauty born?  
Ceremony's a name for the rich horn,  
And custom for the spreading laurel tree.

From "Prayer For My Daughter" by W. B. Yeats



*...day is done*

.

.

SUDDENLY, while he meditated, it seemed to him that the shape of the external world, this world of brick and asphalt, of men and women and machines moving, broke apart and dissolved from blown dust into thought. Until

and died and flickered again. At 83, the past was always like this. Never the whole of it. Fragments, and then more fragments. No single part, not even an episode, complete as it had happened.

In each hour, when he had lived it, life had seemed important to him; but now he saw that it was composed of mere . . . that they . . . hey had quivered and vanished. How could anyone, he asked, resting there alone at the end, find a meaning, a pattern? Yet, though his mind rambled now, he had walked in beaten tracks in his maturity. His soul, it is true, had been a rebel; but he had given lip-service, like other men all over the world, to creeds that were husks. Like other men all over the world, he had sacrificed to gods as fragile as the bloom of light on the tulip tree. And what was time itself but the bloom, the sheath enfolding experience? Within time, and within time alone, there was life—the gleam, the quiver, the heartbeat, the immeasurable joy and anguish of living.

*From The Sheltered Life by Ellen Glasgow*

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups—  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood

"WHEN a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so!—There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I wish to die—"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed!—A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and the stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

*From Wind on the Heath by George Borrow*



I HAVE achieved my seventy years in the usual way: by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else. It sounds like an exaggeration, but that is really the common rule for attaining to old age. When we examine the programme of any of these garrulous old people we always find that the habits which have preserved them would have decayed us; that the way of life which enabled them to live upon the property of their heirs so long, as Mr. Choate says, would have put us out of commission ahead of time. I will offer here, as a sound maxim, this: That we can't reach old age by another man's road.

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity. It has saved me sound, but it would injure another person.

From the speech on his Seventieth Birthday  
by Mark Twain

### REQUIESCAT

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew!  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound,  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,  
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath,  
Tonight it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death

Matthew Arnold

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.



HE drank.

"Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and sea. Galamour and the sea! The good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you."

He drank again.

"By all that's wonderful in the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret?"

And we all nodded at him: the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that like a still sheet of brown water reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled; our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously for something out of life, that while it is expected is already gone—has passed unseen, in a sigh, in a flash—together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions.

From *Youth* by Joseph Conrad

RESOLVE to perform what you ought. Perform without fail what you resolve.

Benjamin Franklin

A decorative border made of black ink scrollwork, consisting of several overlapping loops and swirls that form a rectangular frame around the central text.

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